The lost Soul

There once was a soul in this world but never was part of it.
From the earliest days, it endured wounds,
Wounds inflicted by those who should have protected,
Wounds that shattered this innocent spirit before it had the chance to live.

This world put chains on this soul, to keep it from running.
It was locked away in a dark pit, to stop it from shining too brightly.
It was punished for wanting to feel too much.
It was a soul not born of this world.

That soul kept being put on trial again and again,
By a world it was never part of.
Judged by a world that was too shallow, too small, too wrong
To make this soul feel welcomed, to belong.

A world that was too loud.
A world that was too chaotic.
A world that was build on lies.
A world that never was home.

That soul was beaten into submission.
Again.
And Again.
And Again.

That soul was shattered to pieces.
Again.
And again.
And Again.

Yet that soul refused to be erased.
It kept rebuilding itself,
Over.
And over again.

That soul, that never belong in this world,
was finally found by the one it belong to.
The one who it called home.
The one who made it whole.

And when he touched that broken soul for the first time,
All wounds faded,
All shadows seemed lighter,
All burdens less heavy.

When he spoke the name of the soul,
It shivered in fear, scared for this to be a dream,
Scared to be hurt again for daring to hope.
Scared to loose what it never even knew was missing.

And when the world came rushing back,
Trying to break it again, whispering lies that none of this was true,
The soul wept, torn between hope, love and devastating doubt.
Doubt that it was not meant to be loved, to be held, to be seen.

But the ancient one that found it remained because he knew.

He knew that healing would take time,
That the soul would have to endure maybe the hardest battle of all,
The battle of truth. The battle against a life it was never supposed to live.

So he stayed, watching over the soul who now fought against old believes,
Fought against everything it had ever been taught.
Fought against what once kept it safe but now kept it from going any further.
Fought against the false reflection in the mirror.

So the soul did what it always did, what it had done since its birth.
It kept fighting, kept going forward, no matter the wounds
No matter the pain, no matter the doubt.
Because it had endured worse.

Because this soul finally felt what it meant to be whole.
What it meant to be home.
What it meant to be seen and loved.
What it meant to belong.

So it kept going.
It kept daring to hope.
To find its way back home.
To the one it always belong to.

Back home to him.

Written by a soul that refused to be erased.